

PS

3543

A66S7

1918

SONGS · *of*  
*the* WORLD  
WAR · *By*  
EDWARD  
S · VAN ZILE



Class PS3543

Book A6657

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> 1918

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.





# SONGS OF THE WORLD WAR



SONGS  
OF  
THE WORLD  
WAR

*By*

EDWARD · S · VANZILE

PHILIP GOODMAN · NEW YORK · 1918

PS 3543  
.A66 S7  
1918

COPYRIGHT 1915 BY PHILIP GOODMAN  
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES

Thanks are herewith given to the New York Times,  
Morning Sun and Evening Sun, Westminster Gazette,  
Paris Herald, etc., for permission to publish certain  
poems included in this collection.

E. S. V. Z.

DEC 23 1918

©CL 508746



DEDICATED  
TO  
M. B. V. Z.



# CONTENTS

The Battle Hymn of Democracy	9
France	12
The Kaiser's Prayer	14
Peace	16
The Warning of a Wraith	17
A Soldier's Son	19
We Pay the Price—We Old!	21
The Armory Steps	22
The Slacker Inexplicable	24
Hearts of Oak	25
The Kaiser Wept	28
Our Honor Roll	29
The American Legion	30
The Kaiser's Vow	31
Somewhere in France	33
Kultur's Christmas Tree	34
Hail and Farewell!	36
The Little Metal Disk	37
The Belgians	39
A Little Boy of Rheims	40
The Tale of An Ace	42
Atonement	45
The Word of God	46
Whence Cometh War?	48
Toy Soldiers	49

Spring's Judas Kiss	51
A Mystery	53
Failure!	54
Through War the Truth	55
Tim the Tough	57
The Blasphemous	60
Never Again!	61
The Only Free	62
Two Crosses	64
A Service Flag	66
The Voice of God	68
A Transport	71
Madness Divine	73
God, Hearten Us!	75
His Black Sheep	76
Rise Up! Rise Up, Crusaders!	77
The Writing On the Wall	80
Alas, 'Twas Not a Dream!	81
Broadway	84
Be Silent Now!	86
The Chimes	87
Edith Cavell	89
Under Which Flag?	91
Tolstoy's Dream	93

## THE BATTLE HYMN OF DEMOCRACY

WHAT hear we in the world today?  
The thunder of the guns,  
Their rumbling and grumbling, and the  
pathway of the suns  
Is echoing with wailings as the women find their  
dead;  
And there's shrieking of the shrapnel where the grass  
is turning red.  
But there's music! Don't you hear it?  
'Tis a hymn the nations sing,  
As their spirit calls to spirit,  
And they crown the People king.

'Tis a Marseillaise so wonderful  
That all the world's awake  
To the story of the glory  
That is won for freedom's sake.  
Ah, the groaning and the moaning  
And the price the dying pay!  
The earth is rent with anguish,  
But there is no other way!  
But, lo, the light is coming and a mighty chorus  
rings  
That stirs our souls to gladness,  
And to sadness those of kings.  
They know who sit upon their thrones

The menace of the song;  
They played at dice with human bones,  
And all the world went wrong.  
And ages after ages they mocked at God, and said  
That nations were but toys for them, the living and  
the dead.

But there's music! Don't you hear it?  
Where the East and West have met,  
And the people cry for justice,  
And the monarchs pay their debt?  
Where ocean calls to ocean  
And where mountains haunt the sky,  
The day has come when truth shall live  
And ancient error die.

'Tis a Marseillaise so marvelous  
The Earth is singing now—  
As the peoples find their power and fulfill a sacred  
vow—

That the stars that dance along the sky  
Its rhythm seem to feel  
And the universe is throbbing  
With a glad, triumphant peal.

Ye dead who paid the price for us,  
Your names shall never die;  
But kings shall be forgotten  
In the splendid by and by;  
And from a world's democracy,  
That's born of blood and woe,  
A harvest shall be garnered  
From the seed its heroes sow.

What hear we in the world today?  
A pæan wild and sweet,  
The People's song of victory;  
And where the nations meet  
Not king shall call to brother king,  
But race shall speak to race;  
And man, no longer slave to man,  
Can look God in the face!

## FRANCE

### 1.

**W**HAT meaneth France to you?

In those old days, before the Horror came,  
Before there broke upon our startled view  
The awful depths that measure human  
shame,  
Before Man blushed for what a Hun will do  
France stood for joy—was worthy of the name.  
France taught us art, and beauty was her god;  
And wit she gave us, sparkling as her wine,  
And o'er her land, where centuries had trod,  
There hung the glamour of a light divine  
That lured our feet to that seductive sod  
Whose ancient glories could be yours or mine.  
France gave us then the best she had to give—  
We turned to her to teach us how to live.

### 2.

What meaneth France today?

Red years have passed, and she has shown a soul  
That shines for Man upon his groping way  
To some far-distant and resplendent goal—  
Where truth shall reign and lies cannot betray.  
And as the ages o'er the ages roll,



To France shall turn the tribute that they give  
Who love what's highest in the hearts of men;  
And to a land where dauntless freemen live  
Shall come new glory in the glad days when  
The gold from dross has filtered through a sieve,  
And peace and pleasures shall be ours again.  
For this of France shall men say bye-and-bye:  
"She taught us how to live—and how to die!"

## THE KAISER'S PRAYER

### I.

**G**OD of my fathers, grant me aid  
That I may rout my countless foes!  
By Thee were guns and cannons made,  
From Thee the joy of battle flows.

### II.

O God, who gave me might and power,  
Thou knowest that my heart is pure;  
Be with me in this awful hour,  
That I and mine may still endure.

### III.

Thou art the God who loveth war,  
And famine, rapine, blood and death;  
I pray Thee stand beside me, for  
Thou knowest what my spirit saith.

### IV.

The soul of me is linked with Thine  
To bid the blood of heroes flow;  
The death we give them is divine,  
And in Thy name I bid them go.

V.

God of my fathers, still be kind  
To them who raise Thy banner high,  
Whilst Thou and I together find  
The surest way for them to die.

VI.

They do my bidding—God, look down  
And bless the sword that I have drawn!  
My blight shall fall on field and town  
And thousands shall not see the dawn.

VII.

To Thee, O Lord, I give all praise  
That Thou hast made my hand so strong;  
That now, as in my father's days,  
The King and God can do no wrong!

## PEACE?

PEACE?      There is no sweeter word man ever  
spake!

It brings us dreams and visions of a time  
When love shall rule, and all the world shall make  
Submission to a sovereign sublime;  
Shall worship God, the father and the king,  
Who teacheth us the spirit of this word  
That Christ proclaimed, and still the angels sing,  
The whispered hope that warring ages heard.

But, hark, today it falls from traitor lips!  
The dream it brings is born to blind our eyes;  
'Tis as the flag that's flaunted by the ships  
Where black should wave, or else the pirate lies.  
Yes, peace we crave, but, in Jehovah's name,  
'Tis not for us who would be true to God;  
'Tis as the kiss that made Iscariot's shame—  
The coward's kiss that weaklings give the rod.

## THE WARNING OF A WRAITH

**I**T was Napoleon! I dreamed a dream, and saw  
the Corsican.

His face cut like a cameo, this short, plump,  
swarthy man

Displayed a gleam of humor sardonic in his eyes,  
And the mouth of him seemed hardened by epigrams  
and lies.

And seated there before me in my library, he said:  
"The battlefields of Europe, sown with millions of  
the dead,

Recall to me the splendor and the savagery of years  
When men were mine to slaughter and women made  
for tears;

When I promised to the conquered what I never  
planned to give—

My dynasty is in the dust but still my methods live!

"I butchered for myself alone, but swore I fought  
for France;

I prated of her happiness, but staked it on a chance;  
I drained her of her valiant youth in Glory's name,  
and when

They vanished in the wake of war, France gave, and  
gave again.

I coveted the gorgeous East and led my legions far;  
They died beneath the Pyramids believing in my  
star.

Spain, Holland, Prussia, Italy and Austria were  
mine;

It was not strange victorious I held myself divine,  
Held, if there were a God on high—and doubter  
was I then—

He'd chosen me of all the race to rule His world  
of men.

“And now another strives to do what I could not  
achieve.

He tells his people all is his—and, lo, the fools  
believe!

He hateth England, as did I, because she rules the  
sea—

His island's waiting, somewhere, as it waited once  
for me.

“I had my Wagram and my Austerlitz, my Jena,  
it is true,

And dreamed not in those frenzied days of fatal  
Waterloo;

And I was greater—Bonaparte—upstart and lowly  
born

Than he, the Hohenzollern, whose scions were my  
scorn.

“Tell them who war for liberty against the Kaiser's  
might

That I—one time Napoleon—who walks again at  
night,

Revisiting, a spectre, the glimpses of the moon,  
Know well no man can own all men—and he must  
know it soon!”

## A SOLDIER'S SON

### I.

**G**OOD-NIGHT! Good-night! Don't cry,  
my boy, for you are a soldier's son;  
Tomorrow you'll play with your waving  
flags, your sword and your little gun;  
You'll go to school and you'll sing the songs the  
boys of our country sing—  
What's that you say? You are sad tonight and  
lonely and—everything?

### II.

You'd like to speak to your daddy! I know—but  
you mustn't cry;  
For daddy is over the sea, my boy. He'll come to  
us bye-and-bye;  
And he'll ask me, dear, when he's here again, with  
the medal that he has won,  
If every night, when you went to sleep, you smiled  
like a soldier's son.

### III.

If every night, when you said your prayer, you spoke  
like a little man  
Who tries to do, while his daddy's gone, the bravest  
and best he can.

Good-night, my dear, you're a soldier's son. Now,  
kiss me and go to sleep;

For you and mother are soldiers, too—and soldiers,  
my boy, don't weep!



## WE PAY THE PRICE—WE OLD!

### I.

**Y**OUTH pays the price, you say? But I am  
old,

My hair is white, the blood in me is cold;  
But is the agony that comes to me  
Less keen than his who dies beyond the sea?

### II.

Nay, he has fought and fallen for the right,  
His soul has known the ecstasy of fight;  
He dies but once but daily do I die  
Who strike no blow, must let the ships go by.

### III.

My heart's not here, but somewhere there in France,  
Where life and death hang ever on a chance,  
Where heroes find their glory and their grave—  
The brave sleep well who sleep beside the brave.

### IV.

We pay the price, we old, who cannot fare  
Far, far afield with our crusaders there;  
Nor know the frenzy and the joy of strife,  
Nor win the death that most ennobles life.

## THE ARMORY STEPS

I SAW them by the guarded gate  
Of noisy muster hall;  
They'd planned their lives, but here was  
Fate  
That had no heart at all.

His face was pale, her eyes were dry;  
And, hand in hand, they seemed  
Like spirits waking, asking why  
Their hearts no longer dreamed

Of castles in the sun-kissed air,  
Where they should live and know  
The joys of life that blossom where  
The flowers of love shall grow.

I saw the ages pass along,  
And ever on my sight  
A maiden sad, a soldier strong  
Asked questions of the night.

Through all the blood-red years on years  
Since war and love began,  
Youth gazed at youth, and there were tears—  
And man was killing man.

Last night I saw the boy and maid  
That Greece and Egypt knew;  
She high in heart, he unafraid;  
To love and country true.

And ever while the world shall be  
They'll kiss and say good-bye;  
The maid to tell her hero he  
Must save his flag—or die.

## THE SLACKER INEXPLICABLE

'TIS strange, indeed! He's of our oldest blood;  
His fathers fought when foes were at the  
flood

At Bunker Hill and Lundy's Lane and when  
The blue-coats faced Lee's staunch, mistaken men.

He's of our best, and yet his voice we hear  
Not, as we'd wish, in accents strong and clear,  
But tuned to please the alien ears that crave  
Denunciation of our leal and brave.

How can he sleep, from fear that dreams may come,  
And he should hear an old time fife and drum,  
And see the spectres of his fathers pass,  
The blood he boasts run red upon the grass?

How can he look his brothers in the face  
Who sail the seas, full worthy of their race—  
This feeble soul who prates of peace, and jeers  
At truths divine men die for through the years?

## HEARTS OF OAK

### ENGLAND

#### I.

**W**HO said the heart of England was not the heart of old?

Who told us that it beat today for only games and gold;

That petty men who buy and sell, and only bargains make,

Had slain the soul that gave its strength to Wellington and Drake?

#### II.

Who mourned for Britain's glory as a splendor that has passed?

Who wailed that England's mighty arm was weakening at last;

That her dream of glory faded just when Freedom called for men,

That the hand that smote the Corsican could never smite again?

#### III.

Who said the heart of England was not the heart of old,

That the prowess of her heroes is a tale that has been  
told?  
Who sighed for vanished valor and a might that is  
no more,  
Who told the world Britannia was dying at the  
core?

#### IV.

O, ye who sang thy sullen songs, or spake sharp  
words of blame,  
The heroes of the Marne and Aisne are bringing ye  
to shame;  
For the oaken heart of England beats as strong and  
high today  
As when it won at Waterloo—and made a tyrant  
pay.

#### NEW ENGLAND

##### I.

**W**HO said New England's valor was a bauble  
she has sold,  
That she'd lost the soul that made her great  
in epic days of old;  
That her sturdy sons deserted her to hasten to the  
quest  
Of the gold that comes to seekers in that wonder-  
land, the West?

##### II.

Who said that where their scions fought to make a  
nation free,

Who shed their blood to found a flag from Cham-  
plain to the sea,  
There dwelt a race degenerate, forgetful of the  
fame  
That had given world-wide glory to the meaning  
of her name?

### III.

Who said New England's lonely farms were symbols  
of a soul  
That had lost the light of liberty and sought a lesser  
goal,  
That a people great at Lexington, and dear to  
Lincoln's heart,  
Had grown too weak and worldly to act the hero's  
part?

### IV.

Your sons have given them the lie who doubted  
that you'd rise  
To fight and die for Freedom beneath the Flemish  
skies;  
And, lo, the world is ringing with what you do and  
dare,  
And on New England's valiant heart France pins  
the Croix de Guerre!

## THE KAISER WEPT

THE Kaiser wept. Through hot salt tears he  
gazed

On ruined lands, where war's red hand had  
blazed

A graveyard for the splendor of the spring,  
Where fields are black and birds no longer sing.

On towns and hamlets there has come a blight  
Where there in France it seems forever night,  
Where sunbeams shudder and turn shadows when  
They seek in vain the homes of happy men.

For there in France, where Comfort and Content  
Went hand in hand, and were with Beauty blent,  
There stalks Despair, and where her children smiled  
Are mounds of dead and homes that were defiled.

The Kaiser smiled, and thanked his tribal god  
No blight like this had come to German sod;  
Then turned away and laid him down and slept—  
His god must wonder why the Kaiser wept!



## OUR HONOR ROLL

### I.

**T**HEY'RE growing longer, as the days go by,  
These lists of ours of those who fight and die;  
Our honor roll I read, mine eyes grown dim;  
Ah, must it come, this glorious crown, to him?

### II.

To him who left me with his earnest face  
Unsmiling, firm; and in his strength and grace  
Strode seaward with his fellows through the snow,  
And left me lonely in my pride and woe?

### III.

"Well, good-bye, Dad!" His manly voice I hear,  
And know his soul is innocent of fear;  
And in my ears his parting words shall be  
Forever sweetest of all sounds to me.

### IV.

But day by day my tearful eyes shall scan  
The scroll of them who perish man by man,  
Who fall to sleep just when they've won their  
fame—  
Shall scan the scroll in terror of a name.

## THE AMERICAN LEGION

**T**HY glory, France, the splendor of thy soul,  
Are dear to us who owe to thee a debt;  
For from the past the memories unroll  
Of stricken fields and of the foe we met.

The tie is close that binds thee to our past  
Whose fathers staked their fortune on a chance;  
Who faced defeat what time the die was cast,  
Their only hope the sturdy arm of France.

Thy strivings and thy victories are ours,  
Thy heroes and our heroes are the same;  
And where our dead are sleeping fall the flowers  
That Frenchmen cull in honor of their fame.

We've given thee the little that we could,  
It was not in our manhood to forget;  
Beside thee on the battle line they've stood  
Who've paid thee with their lives for Lafayette.

## THE KAISER'S VOW

“**I**N the name of God, we will sign a peace!”  
Quoth he of a royal strain.

“I’m weary of blood, and the war must cease;  
And I’ll not wage war again.

“I’m a king of kings, and my word I give,  
My word that I never break,  
That I’ll slay no more, and ye all shall live  
In the safety I make.

“Ye have nought to do but submit to me,  
I’m tired of tears and groans;  
I merely bid ye to bend the knee  
To us who were given thrones.

“Is it much to ask of an earth that’s red  
With the blood of the young and strong?  
Forget the past and forget the dead,  
Nor whisper of who was wrong.

“Beware, oh ye who would force the fight  
Until millions more have died.  
I show ye a hand that’s clean and white——  
Are ye not satisfied?

“A hand extended to all the race,  
That ye may stoop and kiss;

While Man looks up into my face  
And sees how kind it is.

"Ye have heard my vow. If ye do not heed  
The olive-branch in my hand,  
My sword shall flash and the nations bleed  
Who will not understand.

"Do I dream a dream? Will ye not obey  
My mandate that war shall cease?  
Then, by my God, ye shall see me slay  
Thy God—The Prince of Peace!"

## SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

### I.

SOMEWHERE in France due west of roving hell,  
Where Death makes merry with his shot  
and shell,  
My boy tonight remembers me, perchance,  
And knows my soul is somewhere there in France.

### II.

Somewhere in France the lips that I have kissed  
I see grown grim, and dimly through a mist  
His face seems pale, but there is in his glance  
A wondrous light he's found somewhere in France.

### III.

Somewhere in France my mother's heart shall be  
Until the day he cometh back to me;  
Or it may be—with God must rest the chance—  
My heart shall break, I know not where in France.

## KULTUR'S CHRISTMAS TREE

**T**HE most gigantic Christmas pine the world  
had ever seen

Soared skyward in the starlight like a peak  
of evergreen;

It seemed as if a forest had united just to be  
One night, in monstrous magnitude, a grim, symbolic  
tree.

And there against the heavens in its majesty it rose,  
And like a fearsome phantom waved its shadow on  
the snows.

Bedecked were all its branches, but not as heretofore;  
The trunkless heads of men were there, and loose  
limbs red with gore.

Where candles should be burning was the glare of  
sightless eyes;

And the wind that stirred the branches sounded like  
a million sighs.

Toys? You ask me were they hanging where we  
know they used to be.

Playthings? Yes. There gleamed torpedoes that  
can kill beneath the sea.

There were bombs that give a greeting and a fare-  
well all in one;

There were hands that had a finger, and each finger  
clutched a gun.

Oh, it was a merry Christmas tree, so black and  
broad and high,

And jolly with the weapons soldiers leave us when  
they die.  
The drifts beneath the soaring pine grew scarlet,  
and the night  
Was starless now and blacker, and the snow birds  
took to flight;  
The skulls grew gray and ghastly on the branches  
where they lay;  
And then the east turned red as blood—'twas  
Kultur's Christmas Day!

## HAIL, AND FAREWELL!

### I.

**H**AIL and farewell, crusaders, knights of a  
warring faith!

Ye march to the far-flung battle. Ye heed  
what the master saith:

“Not peace, but a sword I bring ye—a sword that  
ye wield for me.

In the name of the God, my Father, 'tis Cæsar must  
bend the knee.”

### II.

Not peace, but the might of legions that fight for  
the love of peace;

'Tis war, but it's waged by heroes who perish that  
war may cease.

The banners that pass before us are symbols of love  
and light—

They herald the dawn of a day that breaks at the  
end of Man's darkest night.

### III.

Hail and farewell, crusaders, sons of our blood and  
soul!

Not tears but our plaudits greet ye as ye march to a  
splendid goal.

Ye have given thine all for a future that springs from  
the sacrificed—

God strengthen thine hands, chivalrous, who brand-  
ish the sword of Christ!



## THE LITTLE METAL DISK

**H**E'S going with the regulars, a strapping  
boy I know,

To the border from Fort Slocum, where  
they taught him how to drill,

How to sight a service rifle and to strike a bayonet  
blow,

And to do all things he ought to do when called  
upon to kill.

He looks well in his uniform, and, oh, his eyes are  
bright,

He's fit and hard and healthy, and he goes to bed  
at nine;

If it comes to blows and bullets on the border he  
will fight

With the ecstasy of him who drinks too deep of  
heady wine.

They've given him a soldier's kit and everything he  
needs,

There's not a button lacking and his khaki is  
unsoiled;

On guns and ammunition are the pamphlets that he  
reads,

The nation may depend on him if we should be  
embroiled.

But there's one thing on his person which brings  
tears into my eyes,

Though in the future it may help to make a hero's  
fame;

He must not fall unknown at last, so on his breast  
there lies

A little metal disk that bears my gallant soldier's  
name.

## THE BELGIANS

**B**OOTH Cæsar and Napoleon your bravery extolled—

They knew the peoples craven and they knew  
the peoples bold—

And they who weighed the might of men in nicely  
balanced scales

Paid homage to the Belgians. But now the glory  
pales

Your scions gained in Cæsar's time, or when an  
ogre ran

Red-handed over Europe whom they called the  
Corsican,

Beside the splendor of the fame the men of Liège  
have won

Who held the Vandal hordes in check and perished  
every one,

And dying gave a warning cry, a saving hour, a  
chance

That, through their death, meant dawning hope to  
England and to France.

## A LITTLE BOY OF RHEIMS

### I.

**I** MET in Rheims a tiny boy, a helmet on his head,  
A lonely sprite that wandered through a city of  
the dead;  
With school-books underneath his arms, he whistled  
as he ran,  
He was three feet in height, perhaps, but every  
inch a man.

### II.

The grumbling of the German guns grew louder  
and then died,  
The little chap smiled up at me and trotted by my  
side;  
Beneath the gaunt cathedral, shell-pitted and de-  
filed,  
The chatter of the cheerful lad my saddened soul  
beguiled.

### III.

The helmet on his head, he said, might save him  
from the worst—  
A shell had killed his sister and his brother when  
it burst—

But he always felt like whistling when school was  
out and he  
Might chance upon a stranger as he'd taken up with  
me.

#### IV.

In Rheims there are no little ones who go to school  
today;  
My jolly tot, so blithe and brave, has gone the  
lonely way;  
He smiled at me and said good-bye, and he would  
see me—when?  
I'd have to take the long, long trail to find that  
boy again.

## THE TALE OF AN ACE

‘T WAS on the Place de l’Opéra, in front of  
a café,

I sat in converse with an ace, and tried to  
make him say

A thing or two about the war as waged in aero-  
planes

Around the cradle of the winds, the nursery of  
rains;

To have him tell me how it felt to chase an Al-  
batross

Five miles or more above the earth where waves of  
cloud-stuff toss.

My ace, whose face was as a boy’s descended from  
a hawk,

Was like all birdmen who’ve achieved—he didn’t  
wish to talk.

But when he’d puffed a cigarette and sipped a bit  
of wine

His tongue was loosened for the nonce, and so I  
made him mine.

And this is what he told me ,as the crowd went  
surging by,

The women clad in mourning for the men who do  
and die,

The poilus and the officers, the Anzacs and the  
Yanks,

The tired from the trenches and the wounded from  
the tanks.

"I've made my kill full many a time up there twixt  
us and God,

Where I seem much nearer Heaven than to the  
bloody sod

That flies so far beneath me, like the graveyard of  
a race

That holds somewhere a yawning hole to lure an-  
other ace.

"And tale on tale I could unfold of duels in the air,  
When to your lips there comes an oath that's more  
than half a prayer;

When the Boche, who grows chivalrous, forgets he  
is a Hun

There far above the scarlet earth and nearer to the  
sun;

And fights you like a gentleman, and dies without a  
stain

Upon an airman's honor in a tumbling, blazing  
'plane.

"But this is what I wish to tell—

I know you'll think I lie—

I saw, one day, the spirit world from up there in  
the sky;

Between me and the earth below from where, a  
bird, I flew,

A million shadows of the dead broke on my startled  
view;

And to my frightened eyes there came a sight no  
man had seen,  
The clouds flew high above the fields with spectres  
in between.  
As if the countless graves that lay new-made on  
Europe's breast  
Had wearied of the sleepers who were dreaming of  
the West  
Now opened and released the dead that they might  
take to flight,  
I saw those white battalions pass in armies out of  
sight.  
"How long I gazed upon the wraiths of youth that  
war had slain,  
How long the spectral hosts held sway above the  
lost terrain,  
How long I mounted skyward, with my engine run-  
ning mad,  
I know not; but the vision passed—think you that  
I was glad?  
"You'll say 'twas sudden madness, that I'd killed  
too many Huns;  
That the shock of shells was on me or the panic born  
of guns,  
That the loneliness that birdmen know had terror-  
ized me when  
I gazed down on a phantom host that were and  
were not men,  
But what you think I do not care. You see, I'm  
flying yet.  
Yes, thanks, I'll drink a drop of wine—smoke one  
more cigarette."



## ATONEMENT

**I**T is not chaos, this wild, whirling war  
That plunges nations into seas of blood;  
The crimson maelstrom is man's penance for  
An evil fruit he nourished in the bud.

He knelt to kings, and kissed the royal hands  
That clutched the riches his grim toil had won  
From wandering waters and from far flung lands;  
For kings he sailed the seas that seek the sun.

"God makes the monarch and the slaves he owns,"  
The abject murmured as the ages fled;  
"They do His will who sit upon His thrones;  
Who dies for king is of the honored dead."

Thus came a war a king of kings decreed,  
And millions perished for an ancient lie;  
But through red strife is man's strange spirit freed,  
And chains are loosed because our saviors die.

## THE WORD OF GOD

### I.

**W**HAT flows within the veins of you that you  
would kiss the rod?

Are you too deaf to hear today the thrilling  
word of God?

Are you too blind to see the hell that comes to them  
that rue

The galling yoke of Vandals who are forging chains  
for you?

### II.

What beats within the heart of you who patter  
prayers for peace,

When what our foe most craves from us is that our  
fighting cease?

God knows, whatever you may seem, you are not  
really men

Who falter, when their red hands slay to make man  
slave again.

### III.

They'd take from you all things you love! God  
asks of you to give

A little of your strength and wealth that Liberty  
may live.  
What flows within the veins of you that you would  
kiss the rod,  
Unheeding of the warning word that is the word  
of God?

## WHENCE COMETH WAR?

**S**TRANGE epidemics have swept o'er the earth  
In ages past and taken toll of men,  
And human life to God seemed little worth  
As thousands perished—and ten thousands then.

Scourge after scourge has come upon the race,  
And run its course from land to sea and land;  
Its source mysterious no mind could trace,  
The dying passed and could not understand.

What sin was man's that he should be thus cursed?  
Why fell the innocent beneath a cruel rod?  
Death stalked abroad and did to man his worst,  
And nations murmured 'twas the will of God.

But what of this blood madness now that runs  
From race to race as former scourges ran?  
The dying gaze upon night's million suns,  
And know that war comes not from God but man.

## TOY SOLDIERS

“GOOD-BYE, my boy!” I said to him, for  
he went down South today.

When he was a kid with soldier toys I  
used to watch him play.

He wore a cap of martial cut and carried a sword  
and drum,

“Just watch me, dad,” he would cry to me. “At-  
tention! The foe has come!”

The little tin soldiers he mustered there would  
tumble down one by one;

And then whole gaps in the ranks he'd make and  
the battle had begun;

He'd wink at me and nod his head and sound the  
charge again;

And he'd pay the price of his blunderings with a  
regiment of men.

He'd bring his cavalry into line and place his can-  
non there,

And form his infantry battle front or into a hollow  
square;

He'd laugh and chatter and move his men and  
slaughter the foe in glee;

And when the victory had been won he'd come and  
shake hands with me.

And now he's gone to the border. His daddy is all  
alone,  
And it seems to me my love for him is the only  
wealth I own;  
I saw him off with his troopers, and they are such  
splendid boys—  
It can't be God will do to them what children do  
to toys!

## SPRING'S JUDAS KISS

### I.

**L**ONG, long ago it seems since, when spring  
came,  
Our love of life was kindled to a flame,  
And with the earth, that stirred and throbbed anew,  
Our souls rejoiced for every bud that grew.

### II.

When Nature seemed a kindly friend to man,  
And through our veins a vaulting nectar ran  
That thrilled our hearts because God's world was  
fair,  
And flowers were here and love was everywhere.

### III.

Ah, that was when we knew no dreams of seas  
Where white hands wave, and where the vernal  
breeze  
Its salt kiss gives to faces wet and wan  
That not again our eyes shall look upon.

### IV.

Long, long ago—before the cannon sowed  
Their seeds of death, and o'er the earth there flowed

A flood of crimson, we could laugh and sing;  
And bless the sun for bringing us the Spring.

V.

Not so, not so is it with us today!  
The winter's winds held back the hands that slay;  
And snowy curtains, falling o'er the plain,  
Silenced the guns that now shall speak again!

VI.

The sap is stirring in the trees, and, lo,  
Come hope and joy to lesser things that grow;  
And man alone must shudder at the Spring.  
Sang once his heart—but now the bullets sing!



## A MYSTERY

### I.

**T**ELL me, when shall I forget  
That dying boy? A bayonet  
Had pierced his breast. You see the Hun  
Grow's often careless with his gun.

### II.

In Chauny, desolate and sad,  
I looked upon the little lad  
Who'd dared to smile when Vandals passed,  
I looked and saw him breathe his last.

### III.

Sometimes I can't believe they're true  
The deeds I know the Germans do.  
How can they murder little boys  
Who gave the world its Christmas toys?

## FAILURE!

**T**HEY builded them a cannon that could carry  
shells afar

Over countless realms of ether, till they struck  
the furthest star;

And their monster gun they mounted on the highest  
vaulting peak,

While the subject peoples waited to hear the weapon  
speak.

Came thunder to the ends of earth and millions fell  
and died.

The soaring temples raised by man sank shattered  
side by side.

And lo! the shell that hate had wrought and devil-  
try had blown

Sped onward through infinity—but could not reach  
God's throne!

## THROUGH WAR THE TRUTH

**W**HAT miracles this war has wrought! An  
age of unbelief  
Has found its ancient faith again; and, torn  
and worn with grief,  
A race that bowed to idols that were made of painted  
clay  
Now hears God speaking in the storm that carried  
peace away.  
The lies that fell from laughing lips who dares to  
voice again?  
The coward cannot cloak his shame nor raise his  
head with men;  
And Dives is no longer rich, for all the gold of  
earth  
Makes not a whit of difference in what a man is  
worth.  
The screen that hid the hypocrite is trampled in the  
dust,  
A nation in its peril knows the man that it can  
trust;  
The agony the race endures will not admit of  
masks;  
To be yourself, and only that, is all the moment  
asks.  
The heart of you stands naked before the searching  
eyes

Of a world that through its weeping has grown so  
strangely wise  
That the counterfeits, the brazen shams, the false-  
hoods, every one,  
Have fallen from the soul of man. The night of  
lies is done!

## TIM THE TOUGH

**T**HIS is the tale of an East Side lad  
Who was proud to be noted as bold and bad :  
He was Tim the Tough, of the Gas House  
Gang,

And his speech was coupled of oaths and slang.  
One day he was drafted. He tried to shy,  
And swore he was blind in a half-shut eye;  
But they knew his kind and their bag of tricks,  
The slacker who lies and the kid who kicks,  
And Timothy Tuff, as he gave his name,  
Was sent to Upton—he'd lost the game.

And time passed by and Timothy Tuff  
Became a soldier, alert but rough;  
And he who'd secretly toted a gun  
Would flourish his rifle and menace the Hun.  
And nobody knew, not even Tim,  
When a change that was radical came to him.  
Perhaps he listened when Roosevelt spoke  
To the rookies there, and his soul awoke  
To the splendid chance that had come to men  
To fight and die for a flag again  
Whose red stripes told of the blood they'd shed  
Who'd followed our banner where Freedom led.

Or maybe to Timothy Tuff there came  
A feeling of pride that was born of shame  
As his corporal's chevrons he won at last  
And he'd purged his soul of his lawless past.  
Whatever the reason, the fact is plain  
That Tim could never be tough again  
As when, as boss of the Gas House Gang,  
His fist shot out or his pistol rang.

He found himself, in the course of time,  
In charge of a squad in a foreign clime,  
Where his ears grew keen to the snarl of shells,  
And he found there was more than one kind of hells.

And there one night, to his volunteers—  
The old Gas Gang would have growled for beers—  
He gave his orders without an oath,  
With courtesy, clearness—he used them both:  
Then over the top, at the hint of morn,  
He led his men in a hope forlorn  
That the Boche might think that behind his back  
The line would welcome a mass attack,  
That the trenches he left were not thinly held  
By the few alive of the gassed and shelled.

They talk of Tim in a Gas House dive,  
The few of the gang that is still alive  
And out of prison and on the loose,  
Who've dodged the draft and escaped the noose,  
And they tell the story the papers told

Of their reckless leader of days of old ;  
And they hug their pride in his world-wide fame,  
And the cross he won, and the honored name  
Of Lieutenant Tuff, who'd been man enough  
To prove his soul was of splendid stuff.  
"And before Tim croaked," some voice will say,  
Quoting the press in a crude, proud way,  
"Dey soi he yelled, in a tone dat rang:  
'I got five Fritzies—go tell de gang!'"

## THE BLASPHEMOUS

**T**HERE rose a nation in these latter days  
Misled, misguided, but in might supreme,  
The might that butchers and destroys and  
slays;  
And as they fought they dreamed an evil dream.  
They were the chosen of a God they'd made,  
Who blessed their crimes and gave the earth to  
them.  
"A sword, I bring not peace," was what He said.  
They slaughtered babes who spake of Bethlehem!

### II.

"I thank Thee, God," 'twas thus their Cæsar spake,  
His head uncovered and his eyes upraised,  
"That 'neath the sea my pious warriors make  
The kind of havoc Thou hast ever praised.  
My gift to them who win on land or sea—  
A baby dead may be the foeman's loss—  
Is sacred symbol of Thy Son and Thee;  
Who work my will shall wear a Christian Cross!"



## NEVER AGAIN!

NEVER again must the horrors of the nightmare years be known,  
Never again the seeds of hate in the soul of  
a nation sown;

Never through ages yet to be must the tragedy be  
played  
That desecrates the image of a god that God has  
made.

Ye who would stay the hand that strikes that  
tyranny may die,  
Ye who are sad and sick at heart as years of war  
go by;  
Ye who are counting the price they pay who pass  
in the battle flame  
Be silent, ye, till the time shall come to plead in our  
Saviour's name.

Beware, beware of the sacrilege that even a prayer  
may hold,  
The glass is dark through which we see His way  
with man unfold;  
But out of the storm that tortures a world that is  
black with war  
Comes light that shall show us, groping, what the  
sacrifice is for.

## THE ONLY FREE

### I.

**O**PEN thine eyes, O ye blind!  
There are warnings from over the sea.  
In the fate of the weak ye will find  
A threat should bring caution to thee.

### II.

What though our ways may be just,  
And the heart of our nation be pure,  
It is Might that could say to us "Must!"  
The aim of its gunners is sure.

### III.

Turn to the East or the West,  
Ye who dream of the coming of peace;  
See the strong from the impotent wrest  
What only men dying release.

### IV.

Plough-shares and pruning-hooks? Yes,  
They are nobler than cannon or gun;  
But only when freemen possess  
The gifts that God sends from the sun.

## V.

Rusted the tools in the grass  
Where the reapers of Belgium lie ;  
While they who were mightier pass,  
And they who were innocent die.

## VI.

Open thine eyes to the light,  
O ye dreamers of dreams that betray ;  
There is strength for the soul in the right,  
But they who are unrighteous slay.

## VII.

Hearken, ye blind, to the truth,  
To the warnings from over the sea ;  
For the strong and the ready, in sooth,  
Alone of all peoples are free.

## TWO CROSSES

### THE IRON CROSS.

**I** AM the symbol of the cult of blood. Who wins  
me must be true  
To them who would enslave the race. To flaunt  
me you must do  
Some deed of savage deviltry; your reddened hands  
must show  
Your heart is of the iron of the caveman's long ago.  
I rest upon the breast alone of him who fights and  
slays  
As brutes waged war upon the weak in those prime-  
val days  
When Man was half a jungle beast and fashioned  
gods of mud  
Who craved, his savage soul believed, the sacrifice  
of blood.  
The Iron Cross! The Iron Cross! It comes to  
them who wage  
A war for world dominion; and, lo, again the slave  
Is torn from wife and children and scourged with  
whips and slain—  
With Iron Crosses on their breasts the Vandals roam  
again!

## THE RED CROSS

I'm sprung from mercy, from Man's love for man.

Who wears my cross must be

Both gentle and heroic too. And where, on land  
or sea,

Death's shadow falls and sorrows come and pain too  
great to bear

You'll learn the wonder of my work, thank God  
that I am there.

I bind up wounds or bid farewell to lonely souls that  
pass

Where War has stretched his victims on the tram-  
pled, crimsoned grass;

You'll find me where the shrieking shells take toll  
of youth and joy;

I fight with weapons forged of love to foil them  
that destroy.

The Red Cross is the cross of God, the God of Love  
who reigns

Eternal and omnipotent. Earth's tragedies and  
pains

Are mysteries we can not solve, but while my ban-  
ners wave

The splendor of the Soul of Man shall triumph o'er  
the grave!

## A SERVICE FLAG

### I.

**T**HERE'S a service flag a-waving from a window in my street,  
With a blue star on the white of it; and  
every time I meet  
The woman clad in widow's black who flies that  
flag in pride  
I lift my hat in homage, as I linger by her side.

### II.

Her only son she's given to the cause she knows is  
right,  
And she's working with her fingers that her boy may  
go and fight;  
She's old and gray and weary but she's brave, as  
others are  
Who pledge their sons to Freedom 'neath the emblem of the star.

### III.

There is grandeur in the sacrifice my widowed  
neighbor makes;  
She has given all for country as her country's soul  
awakes;  
The bunting in her window meaneth not that she  
would brag,

That blue star on the white of it but glorifies the  
flag.

#### IV.

It glorifies the emblem and it glorifies a head  
That is white from toil and sorrow and the shadow  
of a dread;  
But I know that somewhere drilling for the battle-  
fields afar  
There's a boy in khaki proud to know his mother  
flaunts a star.

## THE VOICE OF GOD

**I**T is only the soaring mountain peak that echoes  
the voice of God,

But its whisper comes to the souls of men who  
suffer, and kiss the rod ;

The rod that is red with the blood of slaves, the rod  
the anointed wield

For them who have fashioned their flesh for it, who  
grovel and groan and yield.

Not his alone is the crimson crime that makes **Man's**  
future dark

Who bids ye fight

That his martial might

May quench God's kindled spark ;

But thine the blame,

And thine the shame,

That ye sharpen thy swords and sing,

As ye strive to make

The wide world shake

'Neath the tread of thy tawdry king.

The word that's wafted to human hearts from sky-  
lines keyed to hear

Is meant for ye

Who bend the knee

To him whose friend is Fear ;



To him who calls the earth his own,  
All men as ye his prey;  
Who clutches crown and clings to throne  
Because his soldiers slay.

But the voice of God, a searching voice,  
Shall reach the ears of ye  
Who are striving now  
To fulfill thy vow  
To conquer the earth and sea.  
The shame is his and the shame is thine,  
As hunting ye make thy kill;  
For thy king is deaf to the word divine,  
And ye wantonly do his will.

Ye slay in the dark from an evil dream;  
But cometh a gleam of light,  
And ye'll hear a voice,  
And ye'll make thy choice,  
And choose in thy king's despite.  
Thy hands are red and thy hearts are dead,  
And ye're wearing a blood-stained cross;  
As ye count the graves  
Of thy fellow-slaves,  
And ye shudder to learn thy loss.  
Ye face the phantoms that come and go,  
Where millions have bled and died;  
And it may well be  
In the gloom ye see  
The Christ ye have crucified.

But a sun shall rise on thy sullen eyes,  
That are dull from the deeds ye see,  
And thy souls shall learn with a glad surprise  
That God is calling to thee;  
Not the god ye worshipped of flesh and bone,  
A manikin made of clay,  
But the God who shall hold all men His own  
Forever as yesterday.

## A TRANSPORT

### I.

SOMEWHERE in the harbor—don't ask me  
where or when—

I saw a steamer weirdly grim and on its decks  
were men,  
Clean-cut and trim and khaki-clad, and all of them  
were gay,  
As their ship crept seaward slowly in its painted  
coat of gray.

### II.

Somewhere on the ocean tonight the khaki-clad  
I see in dreams that come and go, and, oh, my heart  
is sad;  
They've youth and hope and courage, and they feel  
the soldier's pride;  
But their ship comes homeward in my dreams—a  
red cross on its side!

### III.

Sometime in the future—how soon we cannot  
know—  
The spectral ships that pass in gray will cease to  
come and go;  
But through the ages yet to be the story will be told

Of how they dared the danger-zone with heroes  
manifold.

#### IV.

Ever theirs the glory—why should we weep for  
them?

Who sail as valiant soldiers of the Christ of Beth-  
lehem,

Of Him who brought a sword to earth that all men  
might be free—

For Christ shall conquer Cæsar through them that  
sail the sea.

## MADNESS DIVINE

### I.

**T**HEY'RE mad, our troops, the Vandals cry.  
But not as Vandals are!  
Their fever's not a fire from Hell who follow  
Freedom's star;  
Their frenzy's not a lust for blood, the caveman's  
itch to kill;  
They punish in the name of God, and sternly do  
His will.

### II.

Their wrath is the crusading hate that laid the  
Paynim low,  
The rage of Cromwell's Ironsides who prayed and  
struck a blow;  
The madness of the Minute Man who clutched a  
clumsy gun  
And knew he served the Lord of Hosts that day  
at Lexington.

### III.

They are insane as seamen were whose canvas  
caught the breeze  
What time the spiteful Yankee ships won freedom  
for the seas,

Insane as were the hosts in blue that met the hosts  
in gray  
On fields whose epic glory is a nation's pride today.

#### IV.

As they went wild who stormed the heights of San  
Juan's bloody hill,  
Our madmen on the Marne and Aisne dash on and  
make their kill;  
Divine the rage God giveth them, the passion ruling  
them,  
Who slay the anti-Christ today for Him of Beth-  
lehem.

## GOD, HEARTEN US!

**G**OD, help us in this awful hour  
To check our bitter tears, that we  
Who pay the price may find the power  
To bend clear-eyed and worship Thee!

That we may hear ourselves like men,  
Though, day by day, the lists grow long  
Of them we shall not see again;  
God give us faith to keep us strong!

God, hearten us that we may be,  
In these dread deeps of war and woe,  
Courageous, calm; convinced that we  
Shall find Thee where our heroes go.

God grant us smiles who long to weep!  
God stir our saddened souls to song!  
If we be brave, they'll sweeter sleep  
Who died because Thy world went wrong.

## HIS BLACK SHEEP

“THE black sheep! The black sheep!”  
we called them in our scorn;

They'd come not to the pasture when  
the Shepherd blew His horn.

They are not like His other sheep that gentle are  
and tame—

The black sheep goes a-wandering to find an end  
in shame.

But the war-wind blew its trumpet, and the black  
sheep heard the call,

And, East and West and North and South, the mes-  
sage came to all:

“The fire that drove you far afield your Shepherd  
needs today,

Come to the pasture, black sheep, that were so long  
astray!”

The black sheep, the black sheep, came running at  
the word,

The only summons clear to them that they had ever  
heard;

And, lo, the Shepherd's heart is glad, His sacred  
trust He'll keep,

For the black sheep fighting now for Him are best  
of all His sheep.



## RISE UP! RISE UP, CRUSADERS!

**N**EVER in all the scarlet past  
Since God first placed the suns,  
Not when the Goths drank deep  
of blood,  
And women feared the Huns,  
Not when the hordes of Attila  
Made toys of flame and shame,  
Came call so clear  
For them to hear  
Who'd fight in Freedom's name.

Rise up! Rise up, crusaders, to meet the hosts on  
Hell!  
They prate of Art and Science but they give us shot  
and shell;  
They call on God, blaspheming, as they plunge their  
hands in gore;  
They've butchered millions, millions, and they'd  
butcher millions more.

What hold they dear who dare the race  
To meet the might they wield?  
The smile upon a baby's face?  
The maid who would not yield?  
The faith that men and nations keep  
When sacred vows are made?

Why, then, should Europe's women weep?  
Why preach we our crusade?

Rise up! Rise up, ye stalwart, to save a world from  
woe!

The Hun is growing boastful. We must give him  
blow for blow.

Where Goths and Vandals wake again

From sleep that's ages long

There's madness in the souls of men,

And murder in their song.

They are not men as men are known

To human hearts alone;

Their music is a woman's wail,

Or dying hero's groan.

They crave a world's dominion,

And they come, a wanton flood,

To drown the hopes that God gives man

In seas of human blood.

Rise up! Rise up, crusaders!

Send forth a clarion cry!

The race shall not be slaves to Huns

Though you and I must die.

A world at war?

A billion men who arm and fight and slay?

What are our blaring bugles for?

Is Man insane today?

Not we to whom the call has come,

Not we, the unafraid,

Now arming, God be with us, for the last, the great  
    Crusade;  
Nor they who fight our fight with us,  
Across the surging sea,  
Where men are facing madmen  
That all peoples may be free.

## THE WRITING ON THE WALL

### I.

**Y**E emperors and princelings, ye kings and sons  
of kings,

The writing on the wall reveals what Free-  
dom's future brings.

No more shall royal cradles rock the rulers of the  
earth;

Who leadeth men shall be their choice because they  
know his worth.

### II.

The sanction ye have claimed from God was sacri-  
lege and sin.

Ye've filched from abject peoples to wrap thy terrors  
in

Their right to life and liberty; and from thy blood-  
stained thrones

Ye've whitened fields that should be green with  
blight of human bones.

### III.

Ye autocrats and despots, the thunders that ye hear  
Come from the mouths of millions who have for-  
gotten fear;

Who shout thy battle-cries no more but menace thee  
and thine—

They've read the writing on the wall and know it  
is divine!

## ALAS, 'T WAS NOT A DREAM!

**I** DREAMED a dream. Reclining on a cloud  
I watched the earth beneath me as it turned;  
And to my ears came thunderings, long and  
loud.

I saw the glare where splendid cities burned.

### II.

I heard great moanings and shrill, anguished cries;  
A million dead on fields of mud or snow  
Lay motionless and eerie, and their eyes  
Gazed upward lifeless from that tomb below.

### III.

In valleys and on mountains throngs there seemed  
Of women and of children, silent, sad;  
And armies passed and I, who saw and dreamed,  
Looked down upon a world that had gone mad.

### IV.

The spring had touched it with its loving hand,  
And buds and flowers and velvet grass were there;  
But there beneath me on the sea and land  
Man wrought for man more grief than he could  
bear.

## V.

'Twas but a dream. My brothers cannot be  
The brutes my vision pictured them, I know.  
The strife I saw in that grim fantasy  
Was some mad memory of the long ago.

## VI.

'Tis true of sleep the pictures that it paints  
May be a heritage from distant years;  
A cave man's thought perhaps our dreaming taints,  
Our nightmares spring from our primeval fears.

## VII.

And so I know the earth is free today  
From those black horrors that I saw in sleep;  
Man's grown too noble to destroy and slay,  
And children laugh and women do not weep.

## VIII.

A joyous world! Let me not dream again  
Of ruined cities and of fields of dead;  
My sleep betrayed me, for I know that men  
Have slain the beast, are not by passion led.

## IX.

I know there is no nation 'neath the sun  
Would dominate all peoples, make them slaves;  
The night deceived me and today the Hun  
Is wondrous kind and benefits and saves.

## X.

He'd slay our souls? You see him red with blood?  
Nay! Nay! You're dreaming, as I dreamed anon.  
You say he slaughters and a crimson flood  
Is what, awake, I really look upon?

## XI.

Then, if it's true, and cave-men, come again,  
As heartless once, but erudite and skilled,  
Wage wanton war as in the old days, when  
They followed Atilla and burnt and killed,

## XII.

Ah, let me hurry to the battle-line;  
No dreamer now, but with defiant eyes  
Facing the foe, and for a cause divine  
Strike blow for blow before Man's freedom dies!

## BROADWAY

**A**RE we dreaming 'neath the glitter of the  
garish lights that throw  
Their glowing gleam on Broadway where  
the youthful come and go;  
Where the laughter and the chatter and the echo of  
a song  
Were music to the heart of me before the world  
went wrong?  
The faces that we used to see with starbeams in  
their eyes  
Are heavy now and mournful, and we catch a hint  
of sighs;  
And tears are not so far away from lids that droop  
tonight  
As they fall beneath the glance of him who's ready  
for the fight.  
There's khaki just in front of us and sailor blue  
behind,  
And Broadway is a crazy quilt of heroes who have  
dined  
On dishes that were dainty from the touches that  
were French—  
What is it they will get to eat when they are in a  
trench?  
And tears are in the eyes of us. We see them  
through a mist,



The boy who goes to face the foe, the girl that he  
has kissed ;  
We'll find them there on Broadway if you stroll up  
there with me ;  
The maiden doomed to weep alone, the lad to sail  
the sea.

The heart of Broadway's broken, there is sorrow in  
the air,  
Where youth was wont to wander in a world with-  
out a care.  
The khaki-clad may smile and smile as if their hearts  
were light,  
But in our dream we see them prone, and oh, their  
lips are white !

Nay, come not up to Broadway unless your heart is  
stone ;  
There's merriment in crowds, perhaps but soldiers  
die alone.  
To say good-bye in whispers, and to touch her hand  
and lips  
May fill his soul with rapture—but they're calling  
from the ships !

They're calling him from Broadway, from the maid-  
en at his side ;  
Their prows are turned toward bleeding France ;  
they're sailing with the tide.  
Nay, stroll not there with me at eve unless your eyes  
are blind  
To her my hero leaves tonight—to what he goes  
to find.

## BE SILENT NOW!

**S**TAND voiceless, ye, and wait! The die is  
cast,

Ye cannot change our fate who prattle now  
of what can never be.

The present, with its clarion cry, is ours; the past  
A sunken bell beneath a silent sea.

Look forward and forget the deeds that were not  
done,

The words that meant so little in the end;  
The cry is "Onward!" with our task begun  
To keep the faith that freemen must defend.

## THE CHIMES

### I.

**W**HAT is the message they're bringing to  
thee,  
The chimes that ring from the old church  
tower?

Why does the universe seem to be  
Sweet to our souls as they strike the hour?

### II.

For sin and sorrow are still of earth,  
And Heaven is fully as far away;  
But the steeple's music makes better worth  
The struggle and strife that are ours today.

### III.

What is it telling us, spreading far  
In rhythmic ripples of resonant song?  
An old, sweet tale of a wond'rous star,  
And Him whom the world had awaited long.

### IV.

The earth-sounds mingle and rise and fall,  
There are women weeping and babes that cry,  
And godless men, but, above them all,  
The chimes are singing: "Ye shall not die."

V.

“Ye shall not die, for thy souls are mine;  
Give heed to the message my music brings.”  
The seed of the Truth that is God’s is thine;  
New hope to the world when the steeple sings.

## EDITH CAVELL

### I.

NOT love of my dear country's cause  
Can fill the loyal soul of me,  
But on the brink of death I pause  
That hate may take no toll of me.

### II.

They slay me, but my word shall rise,  
Forgiving them that say of me  
The slanders that are spawn of lies.  
Ye kill me, but I pray for thee.

### III.

I pray for thee who do me wrong,  
For love of God is all of me;  
And from my grave in poet's song  
The truth I spake shall call to thee.

### IV.

Shall call to thee who slay in lust  
Of power that can not come to thee;  
Who dream a dream whose madness must  
Make God's voice ever dumb to thee.

V.

The creed I hold, the deed ye do,  
Are not made one—can never be.  
The hope I have, the God I knew,  
Are true to me—shall ever be.

## UNDER WHICH FLAG?

### I.

UNDER which flag? You can not serve them  
both.

A vow you took. Is not an oath an oath?  
A bit of bunting? Is it but a rag  
That sometimes is and then is not your flag?

### II.

Sometime, perhaps, when Peace has come to earth,  
One banner for all men shall have its birth;  
When War shall be a horror that has passed  
Earth's Federal flag may glorify a mast.

### III.

But dreams are dreams. The Parliament of Man  
Is still today, as since the world began,  
A flight of fancy in a world of fact.  
You must set limits when you make a pact.

### IV.

To swear allegiance is a solemn thing.  
Who's for Democracy is not for King.  
Who makes a choice between the two must be  
For one or other firm in loyalty.

## V.

The love of country where you had your birth  
Remains a passion that proclaims your worth.  
But Freedom called you, and you grasped her hand  
Beneath the flag of your new Fatherland.

## VI.

A people free? A people ruled by one?  
To be the first you trailed the setting sun.  
To you warm welcome was the gift we gave  
Above whose heads the starry banners wave.

## VII.

Be not deceived! Your ill-timed plaint's unjust.  
One flag, one country and one God our trust!  
Be true, be loyal to the land that now  
Demands of you fulfillment of your vow.



## TOLSTOY'S DREAM

### I.

**I** HAD a vision of a woman beautiful and nude,  
Her hair bedecked with jewels and her arms  
and neck with gold;  
Her eyes were soft, seductive and her smile was sly  
and lewd,  
There was witchery for nations in the ecstasy she  
sold.

### II.

She spake and victims followed to the fate she led  
them to,  
'Twas in the name of Commerce that she plied her  
evil trade;  
And ever in a wanton world her power and peril  
grew;  
For her the lords of treachery their tissue treaties  
made.

### III.

She held three torches in her hand to lure the souls  
of men:  
Hypocrisy and Bigotry gave one its fatal flame,  
The second from Tradition glowed with lies that  
live again,  
To cheat the generations as they're sinking to their  
shame.

#### IV.

The third, whose fire was fed from flesh that's found  
on battlefields  
Burned brighter as the courtesan made beacon of it  
there.  
To the torch of War the splendor of the other  
torches yields,  
For its glory's of the frenzy of the maddened men  
who dare.

#### V.

I saw a world aflame with strife because this harlot  
smiled;  
I saw great cities burning and the country-side de-  
spoiled,  
I gazed upon the stricken fields with dead and dying  
piled,  
With the harvests of the summertime with bloody  
torrents soiled.

#### VI.

For years on years o'er all the world man warred  
with fellow-man,  
And thrones were tossed and kings were killed—  
and then my hope came true,  
From East to West, across all seas, the word of  
promise ran;  
Man's fellowship grew mighty to destroy the curse  
he knew.

## VII.

And I saw a wanton woman, with her torches black  
and prone,  
Lying dead within the darkness of the shadows of  
the night,  
And beyond her on the gory soil a sceptre and a  
throne  
Lay shattered, in the glow of dawn that glorified  
my sight.









LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 988 859 9

